FEB 15 1918

THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room
2223 Atherton st

VOL. LXVIII. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, FEBRUARY 7, 1918. No. 6.

"God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness,
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
There towers the mountain of the Voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends,
Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not; neither hears its thundered lore."

Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF CONGREGATIONALISM AND THE CHURCH KINGDOM.

$1.50 per year.

Published weekly at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered at post office in San Francisco as 2nd-class matter.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed)

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A CALIFORNIA JURIST'S SURVEY OF AMERICAN-JAPANESE RELATIONS.

The annual edition of the San Francisco Chronicle contained an article by former Associate Justice Henshaw of the Supreme Court of California which should have much more than passing notice.

We have ascertained in conversation that it was overlooked by some of the readers of The Chronicle, was not read by some who did see it, and all in all, that it is likely to fall far short of exerting the influence which an article of that kind from this able jurist, recently retired from the Supreme Court of this great Pacific Coast state, should exert and would indeed exert if its contents were widely known.

The caption of the article, as it was printed in The Chronicle, was: "Japanese Point of View Is Told by American Jurist." A sub-head was: "United States Can Have War with Japan Only by Seeking It."

Starting with the statement that public discussion of our present and future relations with Japan had been left almost entirely to the demagogues of politics and to the press, Judge Henshaw declared that it "is little short of criminal to allow this anti-Japanese propaganda to go forward at this time unanswered and unrebuked." He declared in emphatic manner that "its foundation is ignorance and its superstructure self-serving falsehood."

In the course of this article Judge Henshaw said: "We shall have war with Japan, only if we inflict upon her insults and wrongs which will force her to do as Germany forced us to do." And then came words which we would like to put ineradicably into the minds of every man and woman on the Pacific Coast: "Let it be recorded, that, actually we have been doing this for ten years."

Judge Henshaw then sets forth a few facts which he hopes will give an understanding of Japan's mind and motives, which in their summing up mean: "If the Japanese believe they should go to war, they will do so without regard to mercenary considerations, without counting the cost, but with whole-souled enthusiasm."

It is shown that while the Japanese neither worship nor crave wealth they do crave a competency "for the glorious privilege of being independent"; that they love their country and only necessity drives them out of it. "When a country produces a superior quality of rice and cannot afford to eat it, but must export it, importing for its own food rice of an inferior quality, one may understand the pressure for existence which is implied. But the Orient itself is a sterile field for the Japanese laborer in his effort to secure his competency. In Korea, China, India, the struggle for existence is even more tense, the scale of living even lower than in Japan itself. What more natural than that they should turn toward us, not for spoils, but to gather a share of our enormous wages by honest labor? Think what it means to the Japanese cook, butler, or housemaid who, in addition to food, receives in a month what it would take a year to earn at home; and the same relation holds true as to their earnings in all other vocations."

It is suggestive—to say the least—that this able California jurist has this to say on the classification of the Japanese as Mongolians and their exclusion accordingly from the United States: "When Western laws classify them as Mongols they smile at such ignorance; for they know that one of the greatest events in their history was the repulsion of the Mongols under Genghis Khan in a sea victory comparable to that of the English over the Great Armada."

Among the considerations which Judge Henshaw holds vital to an understanding of the strain which this country has been putting and is still putting on Japan's patience and friendship is Japan's attitude toward her nationals. As to this he writes: "If it be indeed true that America's 'new diplomacy' guarantees protection to her citizens' lives and property only while they remain within her territory, Japan, it must be remembered, adheres to the old diplomacy and holds that her people and their property are entitled to her full protection wherever they may lawfully be. And that full protection, we may rest assured, will be accorded them without first figuring profit and loss in a ledger."

It is in this connection that Judge Henshaw touches the fearful menace to this country which The Pacific has several times mentioned in recent years.

"It is not only an extraordinary anomaly in government, but a perpetual menace to our peace, that while no state may declare war or make peace, any state may by legislation or otherwise precipitate a war, against the will of all others, and then call upon those others, whose wishes she has derided, to fight her battles for her. California's attitude is that as a sovereign State she has the right to do these things, and she by no means proposes that in doing them she will bear the consequences alone."

Asking, What is the explanation of California's attitude? it is declared in answer that racial antipathy has little to do with it. "Japanese men do not seek white wives; they are well satisfied with the women of their race. On the other hand, white men are frequently attracted by the Japanese women."

The antipathy, says Judge Henshaw, is due entirely to economic considerations; and "its justification," he says, "is declared to lie in the fact that the Japanese, living more parsimoniously, will tend to lower the wage scale."

Two illustrations are introduced. The first: "The city of Stockton is an agricultural center. Its Chamber of Commerce recently declared the necessity of admitting one hundred thousand Asiatics to relieve this need. Organized labor is in bitter opposition—not because the men are not required, but because their admission will tend to cheapen the price of labor."

The second illustration was: "A friend purchased at retail in Japan a silver cigarette case of perfectly simple and unornate finish. The price was 40 yen, $20. Its oddity consisted in springs which released trays. It was admired, and he took it to a prominent silversmith in San Francisco to have it duplicated. The silversmith said that duplication would cost at least $80, and he would not bind himself by that sum."

It was Judge Henshaw's desire only to suggest the eco-

nomic question that is involved; not to offer a solution for it; that, in his judgment, belongs to the Government. As to that he writes: "No one desires to see labor cheapened, but if Japan, working at home, can send her manufactured products here and sell them at any such ratio as one-fourth the American cost, only one of three things can result—a tariff wall, a wage reduction or cessation of manufacture in her competing lines. But it is desirable to make plain the principle that, being a Governmental problem, the whole Nation, not the Western States alone is vitally interested in its sane solution."

But far more immediate than the question of imports, he holds to be that of the treatment of the Japanese who are here or who may come here. Mark now this jurist's words:

"It is folly that such a matter should be left in the air or brought to earth only by secret diplomacy and a 'gentlemen's agreement,' while the Western States feel themselves at liberty to legislate invidiously against even those rights secured to Japanese residents by existing treaties. It is absurd to witness the Secretary of State of the United States hurrying West to whisper between cupped and trembling hands into the ear of a Governor, imploring him to suppress State legislation hostile to the Japanese. We ought to be big enough to deal fully and frankly with Japan, and set at rest every irritating question by formal treaty."

Such is the only course open to a nation which declares its contempt for "secret diplomacy," declares this Pacific Coast jurist. "So, and so only, will the Western States be restrained in the exercise of powers which they now think are uncontrolled; and so, and so only, shall we eliminate one very strong provocaton to war."

In another part of his article Judge Henshaw considered the Japanese policy with reference to China, and so his summing up was: "If we want war with Japan, we can have it either by interfering with her Chinese policy or by continuing hostile legislation against and harassment of her citizens lawfully resident here. While in the first instance war would be declared only as the result of our direct interference, in the second we may find ourselves involved through State action because of the lack of a controlling treaty. If we are desirous of throwing away all export trade to the growing Orient for the next hundred years, we are working admirably to that end."

MORE CONCERNING THE WRITING OF THE WORD "NEGRO."

A Pasadena reader of The Pacific, friend and helper in varied ways for nearly twenty years—Mrs. E. B. Allen of First Church, mother of Miss Bertha Allen, that beloved young missionary, in China, of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific—has sent us a clipping from the Sunday School Times, with the words "Apropos of a paragraph or two in The Pacific last week."

It is evident therefrom that attention is likely to be called widely very soon to what the letter from a California Negro woman, printed in The Pacific last week, designated as an insult.

The pastor of a Massachusetts Church wrote as follows to the Editor of tht Sunday School Times: "In The Sunday School Times of September 29, I noted, 'Welsh people, negroes, and Filipinos.

"I have frequently noted in your great paper this discrimination in spelling names of races. Though I never heard a Negro make any reference to it, I have often thought it must be painful to many intelligent Negroes to note in our literature the common custom of spelling which seems to exclude them from the human race.

"I think the name of every race except one, and almost every section of a race, is spelled with an initial capital letter, such as Indian, Iroquois, Eskimo, Innuit, Hottentot, Bantu, Negrito, Algonkin, and even Yankee. But the usual name for the black people is spelled, even in a long list with these others, as though the black people were not really any part of the human race except by suffrance or accommodation. I wonder if this custom has come down from the long-time usage of holding the black people as chattels or cattle, and the continued unwillingness to accord them an unquestioned standing among human beings. Of all the oddities and inconsistencies of our language, this seems to me the most uncalled for and really unkind (not to say heathenish and cruel).

"I note that Edward A. Steiner (and doubtless other writers of books) spells Negro, with a capital letter. I noted also on the death of Dr. Booker T. Washington, that one or two high-class periodicals spelled the word the same way. I wonder why every Christian periodical, like The Sunday School Times, does not break the barbarous custom of making the unfair discrimination. The beauty and bravery and originality usually found in your paper make this unfairness stand out more prominently than in some other papers. It seems as though writers considered that racial name unworthy the high place often accorded to the enterrising spirits of its people. I am convinced it is not so intended. But why is the discrimination tolerated by such excellent Christian people as the Editor of The Sunday School Times and the contributors thereto?

It seems to me that a change of custom here on the part of Christian writers and periodicals would very much help to lift with a letter a race to its proper place among human beings and do them the justice already too long withheld."

The Sunday School Times printed the letter and made this comment:

"Let us 'lift with a letter' the Negro race! Perhaps the common custom of writing the word without a capital finds its reason in the fact that 'negro' simuly means 'black,' coming from the latin niger, or 'black.' While the word Negro has been applied especially to those of African blood, 'and particularly one belonging to the stock of Senegambia, Upper Guinea, and the Sudan' it is authoritatively applied also 'in a wider sense to the woolly-haired type of mankind.' And therefore it has perhaps been used without a capital letter as one would speak of the yellow race, or the white race; so the black or negro race.

"But there are undoubtedly instances of other similar names, always capitalized, which have a derivation no more entitling them to a capital letter than the derivation from the word 'black.' And it seems wholly reasonable and courteous and fair to recognize the splendid people now commonly called 'negroes' as entitled to the same dignity and consideration shown in the capitalizing of any other 'proper name' of a people."

In order that there might be given to the readers of the Sunday School Times an authoritative word on this interesting point, the question was referred to Professor Dowd, of the University of Oklahoma, "an ethnologist of high standing and a leading authority on the Negro." Professor Dowd answered:

"The word Negro should be always written with a capital letter, not because so doing pleases or displeases the people called Negroes, but because it is a word now universally used to define a racial group. As originally used it meant in the Latin and Spanish languages 'black' as distinguished from white. Since it has become a racial term it is incorrect to spell it without the capital.

"I so spell the word in my books on the Negro Races,

and so do all the modern ethnologists, and scholars generally. The newspapers and magazines from habit print the word without the capital."

The Sunday School Times quoted the foregoing, and said:

"The Sunday School Times is grateful to the Massachusetts pastor for having called attention to this unintentional slight to a people, and error in good writing, evidtntly prevalent in the public press as in these columns. The Times will gladly follow the custom, hereafter, of capitalizing the word 'Negro' wherever it occurs. And it heartily recommends this custom to all other periodicals, religious and secular."

ANOTHER MOVEMENT TO FEDERATE.

There is a movement at Forest Grove, Oregon, to federate the three principal churches—the Congregational, the "Christian," and the Methodist. The Congregational and the Christian churches seem to be about ready for the merger, but the Methodist church is hesitant. The Rev. A. B. Patten went a few months ago from Sacramento to the pastorate of the Congregational church. We understand that he is to be the pastor of the federated churches if the plan is consummated.

The Congregational Church at Forest Grove is one of the oldest churches on the Pacific Coast, having been organized in 1845. The church at Oregon City dates from 1844.

The statistics for 1916 gave the Forest Grove Church a membership of 332, with absentees to the number of 99. The large number of absent members is due probably to the fact that Forest Grove is the seat of "Pacific University" —a college established by the early missionaries and settlers in "the Oregon Country."

DR. AKED CALLS LLOYD GEORGE " THE PILLAR OF THE PEOPLES' HOPES."

The New York Times reports Dr. Charles F. Aked as saying in an address, before the League for Political Education, in Carnegie Hall, one day last week:

"Although he is Prime Minister of Great Britain, David Lloyd George is not a Knight nor is he a Lord. By profession he is a solicitor, and in England a solicitor is the lowest grade in the legal profession. But Lloyd George today is the pillar of the people's hopes, and the bulwark that stands between the pampered aristocracy and the people who have toiled through the centuries to make the empire and place it upon a substantial footing.

"It would be difficult to explain the power of this man. He has audacity, courage, and is reckless of convention, but withal he is a deep thinker. He is a master of repartee, and the English heckler fares but poorly at his hands when occasion demands rebuke for interruptions during one of his public speeches. He simply smashes and pulverizes in his instantaneous retorts and leaves the heckler in a bewildered state. His voice, perhaps, is responsible for the power which he holds over his listeners. It combines the crooning of the mother, the wail of the winds, the storm, and the tempest, and the march of armed men. His voice and his methods are those of the Welsh preacher and he speaks like a prophet with heart aflame."

THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON THE UNIVERSITIES.

We refer not simply to the effect at present in the loss of students and in deficits, but to the permanent changes which will come because of a war that is bound to give us a new world. Secretary Fackenthal of Columbia University issued a statement last week from which we make quotation:

"Poverty will unravel duplications in curriculums and will strip padded programs to the bone, and if the war lasts long enough accumulated deficits with their mounting interest charges may even re-divide the field of education among the institutions of a given geographical section, assigning to each that which it can do best, eliminating unwarranted rivalry and competition.

"For it may be that the war will leave to the colleges and universities what has been called in other countries the priceless heritage of poverty. But just at this time of year—the budget season—the impending heritage is causing consternation in educational circles. With registration figures toppling—decreases of 40 per cent. at Harvard, 50 per cent, at Yale, and a shortage of 3,000 students at Columbia being reported—and the cost of physical upkeep rising by leaps and bounds to an addition of $50,000 at Columbia, the educational institutions of the country are facing real problems and serious ones, too. Their losses in tuition are enormous, and when combined with the increased cost of everything, from coal to mops, to say nothing of skilled and unskilled labor, these losses will produce many deficits of $250,000 or $300,000 for the present year, with no reason to expect better things next year or the year after that.

"The friends of education will, as always, come to the rescue, but it will be necessary for the institutions themselves to restudy their problems under the lash of forced economy, and no scheme of education which has failed to justify itself will outlive the storm. From all sections comes the report of far-reaching retrenchment. There is going on such an examination and revaluation of educational methods as has not been seen in many a day, and there are those who see in this siuation a great benefit to college and university existence. Those institutions that succeed in weathering the trial and with sounder foundations for future growth and development."

YOUR ATTENTION CALLED TO AN IMPORTANT ARTICLE.

In The Pacific this week, as our leading editorial, is a review of an article in the Annual Edition of the San Francisco Chronicle, published on the 16th of January, which we hold to be of such import, all in all, as to justify a special editorial note concerning it. One remarkable thing about this article is that it had the caption "Japanese Point of View is Told by American Jurist." A significant feature is that it appeared in the part of the paper given to "The Japanese in America," being eight pages of the several score pages of the whole paper.

The casual reader might conclude that the article presented simply the Japanese view. But what should be understood and kept in mind is that the views were those of an able California jurist who recently resigned from service of many years as associate justice of the Supreme Court.

"A UNIQUE WAR PRESIDENT."

This is what The Springfield Republican, one of the great daily papers of this country, and one that is Independent when it comes to politics—calls President Wilson. The remark is, editorially, that President Wilson has not only raised under the authority of Congress, armed forces to the number of a million and a half of men in the past nine months, but has incidentally been a powerful aid to the British government in placing a new reserve army under the colors.

"Mr. Wilson is a new kind of recruiting sergeant. The

British government needed 400,000 more soldiers for the work of the present year. There was deep unrest and doubt among the wage-earners of Great Britain as to the wisdom of continuing the war. The labor party was getting hard even for Lloyd George to manage. A sort of bolsheviki spirit was affecting the British trade unions. The labor party's leaders insistently demanded restatements of war aims. The Northcliffe press had no more influences with them than with Von Tirpitz. Yet the British government had to have 400,000 more men under arms drawn from the wage-earning class.

"The government will get those 400,000 men. It looks as if President Wilson has had more influence in keeping British labor back of the war than the British premier himself."

The following is quoted from the associated press report of the conference of the British labor party at Nottingham last week.

"President Wilson figures as one of the party's prophets. In the session today his name was mentioned no less than six times, in each case in connection with his recent war aims speech, which was described as essentially the same as the British labor party's. The delegate of the French socialists gained hearty applause when he said: 'President Wilson has declared on behalf of the common people of the whole world the terms which the common people want."

The further comment of the Republican is:

"It may be well to remember when castigating Mr. Wilson's conduct of the war that a man who can so effectively help to raise large armies in other countries than his own is a unique force as a war president. He may do his best work if allowed to utilize his talents in his own singular way."

WHAT HAPPENED BECAUSE JULIUS KAHN, A CALIFORNIA CONGRESSMAN, PICKED UP HIS VOLUME OF SHAKESPEARE.

At a meetig of the National Security League in New York City the other day Julius Kahn declared in what the daily papers have termed a vigorous oration, that the pacifist "is living in the clouds," saying further: "He takes no lessons; he learns nothing from the teachings of history. Why, they think this is going to be the last war! I picked up my volume of Shakespeare a short time ago and happened to turn to the play of Antony and Cleopatra. I came to the fourth act, its sixth scene. Octavius Caesar is on the stage; one of his generals, Agrippa, tells him that Antony is going to be destroyed, and that Ovtavius will be the ruler of the world, and Octavius grandiloquently exclaims: 'The time of universal peace is near.' And that was 31 years before Christ was born, and the pacifist has been talking of universal peace ever since."

The Springfield Republican makes comment thus:

"There is no need for the apologetic manner in which the congressman from California confesses to having opened his Shakespeare, but having happened to turn to Antony and Cleopatra he might very well have opened also some other solid work on the five-foot shelf before undertaking an exegesis. As he quite correctly says, the battle of Actium, in which Octavius Caesar, later and better known as Augustus, defeated Mark Antony, was fought in 31 B. C. and the day might have encouraged the congressman from California to open his Milton to the famous lines:

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained by hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.
But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

"The train of ideas so started might have led him to happen to open some compendium of history from which he would quickly have learned that on April 4, 5 B. C., the heavy gates of the two-faced Janus, god of war and of peace, clanged shut; the pax Romana, which has so inextricably blended itself with the birth of the Prince of Peace, was an accomplished fact. So far from being a pacifist with a weak dream of eternal peace, Augustus was the kaiser of his day, whose long reign consolidated the powers of Rome, and gave it at one time an absolute peace on all fronts which passed into history and tradition as a miracle. The achievement of this is what Shakespeare by the familiar device of prophecy puts into the mouth of the young Augustus before the decisive battle of Actium. If the kaiser should win, German legend and drama would lend equal embellishments to the life of William II, 'the peace lord.' Perpetual peace is another matter; the early Christian faith included that, "for so the holy sages once did sing." As for Octavius he more probably held with Cicero the doctrine of cycles in which the world would repeat its history to the end of time, as was beautifully sung by Shelley in:

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return.

If Representative Kahn should be encouraged to pursue his researches further he will find that the reign of Augustus was such a "golden" age and that the poet is merely anticipating its fruition.

TOO MUCH BAGGAGE TO WIN.

By Byron H. Stauffer.

The most unique race I ever saw was between two passenger trains. The race-track lay between Niagara Falls and Tonawanda, N. Y. One train was on the Lehigh tracks, the other on the New York Central. Both trains were belated, so schedules were ignored and throttles were opened wide.

They had a fair start and for a mile or so the two great steeds ran neck and neck. The firemen threw on more coal, and the engineers leaned forward on their seats as riders in the saddle.

The passengers enjoyed the sensation; it seemed as if we had left the earth, so smoothly did we fly. Then, to look across and see that the people in the New York Central train were becoming excited as folk get over a baseball game made us all rank Lehigh partisans at once. Handkerchiefs were waved and fists were shaken.

But by and by I noticed that the Central train was gaining ever so slightly upon us. I needed to hold my head in a certain position and use the side of the window as a guage in order to notice it at all. Just then the conductor said, "They'll win, I'm afraid, for they have a lighter load."

"How so?" I asked, for I had noticed that each train carried five cars. "Well, one of our cars is chock full of Canadian trunks and satchels," he replied, "and that fact will beat us in the next two miles."

So it did. With the same locomotive power exactly our rival drew away from us. Very tenaciously did we hold on, and if the shouting of the men and the screaming of the women could have accomplshed it, we should have won. But though we kept within sight of their last car, they swept into the Tonawanda yards, triumphant.

Too much baggage lost us the race! If the Canadians

had only left their baggage behind!

Too much baggage often loses more important races. President Schurman's statement that the college-fraternity student lags behind his unaffiliated rival by ten per cent means that the former carries too much of the baggage of pastimes He does not travel light enough, and therefore is handicapped in the final dash for the goal.

Very likely, too, the young fellow with surplus cash enough to join a high-class college club was weighted down even before he left home by too much of the baggage of luxuries. Too much rich food, too many auto rides, too many holidays, too little discipline, encumbered him and gave the poorest lad in the form an advantage over him in the race.

Any man aiming for great success in some one field must beware of being encumbered with much luggage. No side issues must prevent his progress. Signal triumphs in professional or business life are quite often merely the result of average ability well focussed. He who would win must learn to refuse and to concentrate.

At a flag station on the verge of the Canadian wilds my guide waited to take me for a month's fishing among remote lakes. When he saw my enormous pile of utensils, provisions and clothes, the agile young woodsman made speedy protest. "We could never make the long portages with this weight," he exclaimed; "this would kill us both."

The bundle we expressed back to the city contained half my stock of plates, shoes, clothing, bedding and table goodies. It was well we did so; for, as it was, after the guide harnessed himself with the bigger parcels and hoisted the canoe over his head, I had all I could do to trudge along after him with the odds and ends.

Don't carry too much baggage.

"THE ONLY GLORY."

By William Norris Burr.

Nine men sat together at lunch in a downtown cafe. They had gathered on call for an hour of fellowship and perhaps to take initiatory steps toward organization that would bring them together at least once a month for exchange of thought and such mental and spiritual invigorating as might develop in a circle of kindred spirits—kindred, at least, as cousins in the faith. Religious denominationalists all, yet they did not all bear the same family name, so possibly a close stickler for literal interpretation would not have called them brothers. Had those nine men worn denominational ribbon badges the rainbow can boast of only two more colors than would have graced the lapels of those nine coats.

The "Liberal" bee was buzzing in the bonnets of those men, causing them to do some buzzing themselves, which stopped for scarce an instant during the hour they sat together around that cafe table. The hum of it all was punctuated not infrequently by incidental witticisms, but the men were all earnest-hearted workers, bent upon doing good, inspired by high ideals of faith and service. Their counselings ran wholly along constructive lines. No word was spoken in direct opposition to workers of the conservative type whose angle of vision is not the same as their own

"Why may not men whose taste and training makes intellectual culture a delight and who, walking with scholarly investigators, have come to regard as fallible some things in Christian teaching that people in general have long considered as without spot or blemish—why may not such men reach and lift up the down-and-outs in a Rescue Mission? Is that work only for the 'old-time religion' people?"

The question came from a man who carries a beating heart behind a cultured brain.

"Any man who can approach a brother of low degree in morals and make him feel the impact of a brother's love can win him if he will be won. Love is the greatest thing in the world for this sort of ailment, let it break as it may from the heart of religious Liberal or Conservative."

The answer came from another man who, while cultivating the intellect has given precedence to the culture of the heart.

This answer brought to the mind of one member of that group a tender prayer from the "Treasury of Devotion."

"O Lord, grant to us so to love thee with all our heart, with all our mind, and all our soul, and our neighbor for thy sake, that the grace of charity and brotherly love may dwell in us, and all envy, harshness and ill-will may die in us; and fill our hearts with feelings of love, kindness and compassion, so that, by constantly rejoicing in the happiness and good success of others, by sympathizing with them in their sorrows and putting away all harsh judgments and envious thoughts, we may follow thee, who are thyself the true and perfect Love. Amen!"

Catching the face of the real Saviour of men we find it glowing with love even for the outcast, and he who reflects that light in his approach to a soul that is sick shall not make his appeal in vain, whether his theology bears the new stamp or is still marked by the old. The thunder-clouds of these grim war-days are silver-lined by the splendor that Coningsby Dawson had in mind when he wrote "the only glory that I have discovered in this war is in men's hearts."

Pomona, California.

BENEFICIARIES OF THE WAR.

By Henry Kingman.

Every day there marches past us in imagination the procession of sufferers from the war. Our lives are shadowed by their endless number and their misery. But are there to be no beneficiaries of the war? Yea, verily! a great multitude which no man can number. If we could see into the future we should at least rejoice for their sakes, for whom a new day is dawning. . . . They are not the kings and captains and war-lords: troublous days are dawning for them. They are not the strong and rich and privileged, who have long known how to fend for their own hand. But the poor and they that have no helper—they are the ones for whom the light of a better day is beginning to streak the horizon, even through the mirk of battle.

We have not begun to think about it much as yet, or what its ultimate consequences may be for humanity, but no doubt there is going on in Christendom an awakening to sympathy for down-trodden peoples, such as the world has never known before. The last three years have seen a more fruitful development of altruistic consideration for the rights of oppressed races, than the century that went before. The present generation has of course had much to say of the rights of the masses in our modern social structure, but now we are viewing, under an intense illumination, the wrongs and sorrow of the distressed under their racial aspect. We are not only thinking and thinking hard of Belgium and Poland, of Serbia and Armenia and Syria, but for the first time—with most of us—we are beginning to talk of the right of "self-determination" for all sorts of minor peoples, to whose baffled longings for liberty we have hitherto given scarcely a thought.

We shall never go back to our old world of complacent absorption with our own affairs even though, with their intensifying industrial and social problems, those affairs till recently seemed to give full scope for altruistic endeavor.

By the goodness of God—even if through the cruelty of men—we have added to our cares a thoughtful responsibility for tens of millions, not of our race, who "only live and suffer." And as we presently come back again to the blessed world of peace, and look forward into the brightening morning of a new epoch, we shall find old and familiar international problems, that have been temporarily laid aside, curiously altered in appearance. They will not be so intractable as once they seemed. They will present new factors that we had not fully taken into account. We shall come to them as one who has been learning intently since they were last under discussion, and who has consciously gained a more chastened and human spirit. And this more humane spirit, shared by many nations, will be one at least of the benefits of the war. Imagination cannot now measure its potency for good in coming years. But those who have reason to be thankful for its tardy coming will be a great company, of all tribes and peoples and tongues. It is they who will be the direct beneficiaries of these dark days of incalculable sorrow.

Closest to us of all sorrowful peoples is our nearest neighbor, Mexico. And if sorrows alone could make appeal—sorrows borne so long as to be graven on the racial countenance of its masses—we should long ago have read and understood its tragedy of disappointed hopes. But through some strange preoccupation with our own affairs, some scornful superiority to the needs of a people so far less fortunate than ourselves, we have neither heard nor understood. We, the children of the Revolution, have watched them in their long distress of servitude, and have never seemed to be conscious that they were struggling and suffering for the same primitive rights of humanity that we successfully won for ourselves so long ago. You may read a whole shelf-full of recent books on Mexico, and you will hardly glean from them a single handful of intelligent and sympathetic information as to the actual soul of the Mexican people. They might have no soul, any more than the monkeys and parrots and burros, for all you will learn of its bitter hunger, from these observers of the kingdom of Diaz. Some day our almost incredible ignorance will seem to us only less marvellous than our callous indifference to their hundred years of pitiful effort after the rudimentary rights of a free people—liberty and security, access to the land, and the chance of education.

There are few more pathetic scenes in modern history than the national outpouring of the common people of Mexico, to look on the face of the one whom they thought was sent to be their deliverer—Francisco Madero—when he made, in 1911, the long journey from his home to the capital. Four days and nights he took to travel that 700 miles, and all the way the cheers of the long-suffering poor were in his ears. The stream of humble peasantry poured out from the deserts and mountains, from towns and far-distant hamlets forgotten of men, to wait patiently for the train that bore the supposed champion of their rights, who was to free them from grinding tyranny and bring them economic liberty and hope after hopeless years.

Its nearest parallel was in the solemn out-pouring of the common people of America, who by day and night waited in silent sorrow for the train bearing the body of their martyred friend, Abraham Lincoln, as he made the last journey homeward from the scene of his labors. It was a funeral procession in either case. But Madero's was more tragic, for he went not only to his death, but to the death of all his hopes, and to the disillusionment of the people who had trusted him to give them back their lands. In either case the unsought homage spoke of the heart of a people moved to its depths.

We know more or less of the history of the Mexican government as you find it in the text-books, of endless wars and revolutions and bloodshed, of the names of presidents and captains and exploiters of the people, down to our own day; but how much do we know of the invincible hunger for better things on the part of the millions who, for a whole century, have fought and suffered and waited the helpless prey by turn of State and Church and Army and capitalistic exploitation, while we looked on with total lack of comprehension, as though they had no soul to suffer. Innumerable witnesses—men who have lived in Mexico, "people who know"—will rise up even today to proclaim that this is mere sentimental rhetoric: that the Mexican peon cares nothing who rules over him, so long as he has sunshine and food and shelter; that the franchise among them is of necessity a farce; that they are too ignorant even to know what education might mean to them, and that all that is needed is a strong government for the development of the material resources of the country. We believed these things three years ago. But by the grace of God we shall never again be guilty of such cynical folly. Even a dog knows the difference between the one who loves and feeds him, and the master who kicks him with curses into a corner. And the Mexican peasant and the native Indian are enough our brothers to be dimly conscious of having the same capacities that have raised other races to a place of dignity and prominence.

This is no enthusiastic dream. Some day the name of Juarez, a pure-blooded Indian, will be known by our schoolchildren along with the names of Washington and Lincoln, as one of the great Americans who were champions of human freedom. As a Christian gentleman and statesman, as a true patriot and far-seeing leader, he was one of the great men of his century—and most of us scarcely know his name! Yet, with what dignity and patience, with what firmness and benevolence, he bore himself through those dark years of fight against impossible odds! How tawdry appear the honors of the Emperor Napoleon, the Archduke Maximilian, and the crowd of gold-laced generals, by the side of his quiet self-effacement in heroic devotion to his people.

In these coming months we shall be witnessing strange convulsions of the established social order in Europe, especially in relation to the hoary injustice of the holding of the land, and the wider inequity of the unequal distribution of the opportunities of life. After twelve months of this startling mental discipline we shall come with a wholly new comprehension to the efforts of Juarez, the enlightened jurist, to give at least a little place in the sun to the humblest of his compatriots. Two things he had largely achieved before he died: to give to every land-hungry peasant a chance of owning as much land as he could till, and an equal chance at education for his children. Both of these vast reforms were swept into a contemptuous oblivion under Diaz, but there will be no rest until both are once more established beyond possibility of challenge, for them and for all races just struggling into self-assertion.

The rights of capital in Mexico, with which our newspapers were once filled to repletion under excited headlines, will some day, after the war, begin here and there to blur and fade a little, by the side of other rights just coming into prominence—the rights of mililons to a few primitive possessions that are necessary to make life sweet instead of bitter. Those who still jeer at them will not have the hearing that once they had, because we, too, have suffered a little, and have looked into unforgettable depths of the helpless suffering of others.

The world is ripening and sweetening under its affliction, and it would not be strange if even the wrath of men should one day appear to have brought praise to Him.

Claremont, Cal.

A CHALLENGE TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF AMERICA.

A Graphic Presentation by a Former Californian of the Situation, Need, and Opportunity, in One of America's Great Cities.

Many of the readers of The Pacific, will recall with the mention of his name, the good work done in varied ways in California by the Rev. Noah C. Gause. He is pastor now of the Puritan Congregational Church of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society, one of our national benevolent societies, issued recently an eight page pamphlet having the title "Pittsburgh's Challenge to the young people of America." The article which formed the contents of this pamphlet was prepared by Mr. Gause. It is, as we have stated, in the caption of this article a graphic presentation of the situation the need and the opportunity in one of our great cities. While it presents Pittsburgh in particular, much of it could be duplicated as to scores and hundreds of cities, large and small, throughout the land. When Mr. Gause wrote the article he had in mind these many places, for the closing words were: "That such calls may be heeded, we are making our offering to the Congregational Home Missionary Society.

We quote and condense his article as follows:

"Standing upon the brow of the hill, Jesus beheld the city of Jerusalem and wept over it. .... He saw the gleaming dome of the magnificent temple; the palace of Herod, with its impregnable towers; the mansions of the rich; the streets thronged with multitudes, gathered to celebrate the religious feast; the ancient tombs of the Kings.

"But He saw more than these—beneath the surface He saw the sin—oppression, tyranny, ignorance, prtense, sham and shame. The conflicting emotions of love, hate, envy, pride, hope and despair of the restless, seething multitudes were borne in upon the sympathetic soul of Jesus, and His body shook as an oak in a storm. For nearly two thousand years the imagination of the world has been gripped by this dramatic hill-top experience of the Master.

"Let us imagine Jesus standing upon the heights overlooking an American City, say the city of Pittsburgh. .... Before and round about him spreads a population of more than a million souls, forty times the population of the Holy City, over which His soul poured out its grief.

"Should Jesus look beyond the outer limits of this growing city to a radius of forty miles from the center, He would behold a population of over 5,000,000, equal to more than a hundred times the population of Jerusalem; and, within a day's journey by rail live 50,000,000 people, a population twenty-five times greater than that of all Palestine.

"From the very beginning this population has been mixed. The pioneers included the French, the Germans, the Dutch, the Welsh, the Gaelic, the English, the Celts and others. To these have since been added many races, including the Italians, Rumanians, Servians, Ruthenians, Poles, Slavs, Swedes, Jews, Germans, Russians, Lithuanians, Greeks and others. Sixty per cent of the whole population is either foreign born or the children of foreign-born parents.

"As long as August 26, 1786, The Gazette, Pittsburgh's oldest newspaper, said, 'The town must in future time be a place of great manufacturing; indeed, the greatest on the continent or perhaps in the world.'

Mr. Ganse asks, "To what degree has this prophecy been fulfilled?" and answers his question thus:: Today Pittsburgh leads the world in the manufacture of steel, steel bridges and buildings, wire, and rolling-mill machinery. It leads the world in having the largest electrical-manufacturing works, the largest pipe and tube mill, the largest brake-manufacturing plant, the largest aluminum-finishing works. It has the largest commercial coal plant in the world, the largest pickling and preserving plant in the world and the largest warehouse.

"The aggregate tonnage of Pittsburgh before the war, per year, was more than the combined tonnage of New York, London, Hamburg, and Marseilles, 'The greatest maritime ports of the world's four great martime nations.'

Mr. Gause continues: "But when Jesus looks at Pittsburgh, He sees not only these magnificent sights, but in addition, the world-famed library, art gallery, museum, the god of greed in the rush for gold, the wretched housing conditions of the toiler, the industrial hardships of men working in the mills from twelve to thirty-six hours without rest or sleep, and the universal disregard of the Sabbath. He sees 1,256 places where intoxicating liquor is sold, 332 poolrooms, which are often the young man's starting point downward, the innumerable dance halls and the commercialized vice. In the month of December, 1916, when the world was celebrating the Saviour's birth, there were twenty-two murders in this city and sixteen deaths due to industrial accidents."

But the city, like a person, has a soul, says Mr. Gause. "What kind of a soul does Jesus see? To what kind of a city do we beckon the immigrants of the old world—the immigrant of today, who tomorrow must be an American citizen?

"But this immigrant is not only a problem, but an asset as well. This fact is eloquently portrayed in the soliloquy of Frederick J. Haskins, entitled 'I am the Immigrant.'

I am the immigrant.
Since the dawn of creation my restless feet have beaten new paths across the earth.
My uneasy bark has tossed on all seas.
My wanderlust was born of the craving for more liberty. and a better wage for the sweat of my face.
I looked toward the United States with eyes kindled by the fire of ambition and heart quickened with new-born life.
I approached its gates with great expectation.
I entered in with fine hope.
I have shouldered my burden as the American man of all work.
I contribute eighty-five per cent of all the labor in the slaughtering and meat-packing industries.
I do seven-tenths of the bituminous coal mining.
I do seventy-eight per cent of all the work in the cotton mills.
I make nineteen-twentieths of all the clothing.
I manufacture more than half the shoes, collars, cuffs, and shirts and gloves.
I build four-fifths of all the furniture.
I turn out four-fifhts of all the leather.
I refine nearly nineteen-twentieths of all the sugar.
And yet I am the great American problem.
When I pour out my blood on your altar of labor, and lay down my life as a sacrifice to your god of toil, men make no more comment than the fall of a sparrow.
But my brawn is woven into the warp and woof of the fabric of your national being.
My children shall be your children and your land shall be my land, because my sweat and my blood will cement the foundations of the America of tomorrow.
If I can be fused into the body politic, the melting pot will have stood the supreme test.'

From the villages, farms and cities of every land under

the sun, the article goes on to state—a constant stream of humanity has been poured into our American cities until forty-eight of them are more than American. Putting then the question, Are we helping the foreigner to be an asset, Mr. Gause says:

"Looking out over Greater Pittsburgh, Jesus beholds a great flood of humanity pour in and out of the mills that by day are enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and by night are a weird pillar of fire.

"From the workers, themselves, Jesus turns His thought upon their homes. Doubtless, many happy homes meet His gaze, but, looking out over Greater Pittsburgh, He sees the palatial homes of the rich at the top of society; looking again, He sees the dilapidated tenements and squalid hovels of the poor, many of whom are engaged in grinding, unremitting toil.

'Within five minutes' walk of where I am sitting in my study, there are many buildings devoid of sanitary arrangements, back yards and narrow alleys conspicuous for accumulations of filth, and whole blocks that are veritable fire traps. Many of the sleeping rooms are underground—dark, damp and unwholesome. The beds are never empty. As soon as the day shift turns out for toil in the gray dawn of day, the beds are immediately occupied by the night shift, returning from the mills? One-so-called house four stories high in the rear and two stories in front, built against the cliff, as thousands of others are, with seven-tenths of the rooms underground, accommodates eleven families and some boarders, besides a huckster's horse. This is not an isolated case, as the number of families in each tenement in this congested industrial city ranges from three to sixty-eight.

"This is as truly a mission field, both home and foreign, as any in the wide world. Jesus said. 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation.' But, lo, all creation has come to us!

"In various strategic places in the city, Jesus sees our Congregational missionary churches—outposts of social and spiritual uplift and regeneration battling against great obstacles in the interest of the Kingdom.

"We would not minimize the heroic bravery and sacrifice of the American patriot who marches to martial music in defence of the Stars and Stripes on the field of battle. But let not the American churches forget the soldiers of the cross, who are standing in the front trenches on the battle-ground of sin, in the baffling, complex, industrial centers of the nation.

In this congested mill district there is imperative need for ministering to the all-round requirements, especially of young people. Club rooms, social rooms, basket-ball courts, bowling alleys, shower baths, reading room and gymnasium, etc., are a necessity. Young men have come to me and almost begged for these things, pleading in their own behalf the temptations of the street and the gang, against which they are putting up an heroic moral fight. Some have since been drawn into the whirlpool of the city's vice. Others have stood fast and today constitute a recognized

Mr. Gause concludes with these words:

"May I pass the plea of these young men and the young women on to others, hoping that the hearts of many may be moved to give, thus hearing and heeding again the Macedonian call, Come over and help us?'"

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the
Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their
prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air;
—Whittier, in "Angels of Buena Vista."

UNDER THE TAN.

Italians, Magyars, aliens all—
Human under the tan—
Eyes that can smile when their fellows call,
A spike-driver, each, but a man.
Rumble and roar! On the track they lay,
We ride in our parlor car .
Spades on their shoulders, they give us way,
Lords of the near and the far.

Polack and Slav and brown-eyed Greek—
Human under the tan—
Up go their hands, and their faces speak,
Saluting us, man and man.
Cushioned seats and our souls at ease,
Dainty in food and fare,
We are the masters their toil must please,
Or face gaunt-cheeked despair.

Russian and Irishman, Croat and Swede—
Human under the tan— ,
Giving us homage while making us speed,
As only the generous can.
Riding and riding, hats in our hands,
Something warm in the eye.
Fellows, in spite of your skins and lands,
We greet you, rushing by.

—Lewis Washington Smith.

RESULTS AND NEEDS AT FORT BIDWELL.

Secretary Hinman of the American Missionary Association received the following report from the Rev. Mr. Bowman, the A. M. A. missionary at Fort Bidwell:

Christmas we gave a dinner to those Indians who were not provided for at the Government school. The school gave a Christmas dinner to the school children and their parents, and we, by means of a little money which had been given, and a little more here and there that we could get together, gave a dinner to those who had no children in school. There were about sixty-one of them. I had a chance to observe some things that escape me at other times. As I compared yesterday with four years ago, I am certain I could see where we had made some progress.

It was by our efforts that they were finally given the privilege of living on the Indian School land nearer water, and where they can have gardens. Their situation there is much better than where they were before. Nearly all of them now have "shanties" to live in, and four years ago there were but two "shanties" among them. Most of these one-room houses now have floors; four years ago there was not a floor in the camp. A number of brooms have found their way into these habitations, a thing unknown among them when we came here. Nearly all now use stoves, four years ago there were but two or three stoves—rather pieces of stoves among them; they cooked on open fires.

They are a little cleaner and neater than they were, especially about their door-yards. I realize these things seem small, but the least indication of improvement means much to those who know these people.

There are a good many Indians in possible reach of this place who are entirely without moral or religious instruction. As I am now situated, I can not branch out, but I would like to be given exclusively Indian work, that I might minister to many more of these needy people. Also, we need a building in which to preach at this place. The Missionary here could keep busy with Indian work alone, if he branched out to other places—and they are places which are now totally neglected.

H. M. BOWMAN.

W. B. M. P.

Three new faces at the prayer-meeting on Wednesday morning and new names to send on to Boston for the War Time League of Intercession. Mrs. Kirkwood read the second chapter of "The Challenge of the Present Crisis," in which Mr. Fosdick analyzes the situation, finding the real horror of this war in the break of international relations which had become so close by means of science that a telegraph and cable message could circle the globe in nine minutes. Such a break has in it all the bitterness of a family feud.

"Give man time and he will yet learn to handle the new relationships for fraternity and not for war. . . . We are fighting the war on the way up (to solidarity) not on the way down. . . . 'The 19th century made of the world a neighborhood; the 20th century will make it into a brotherhood.' . . . Christianity will indeed have failed if it does not stop war. . . . The situation is a stirring challenge to our strength and our devotion. . . . If mankind had no other outlook than an indefinite recurrence of wars like this, hope for a worthy future for the race would have to be surrendered. . . . The conclusion of this world-drama now at its climax, need no more see the triumph of war than our father's generation saw the triumph of slavery. If we will, we may have another victory for Christian ideals."

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The "Student Volunteer Retreat," a conference for prayer and ispiration under interdenominational auspices, was held at San Anselmo, February 2nd and 3rd. Mr. C. C. Fuller of Chikore, Rhodesia, South Africa, represented our Congregational Missions on the program. Practically every educational institution in Northern California had representatives present, and all, without exception, voted to put on the drive for a study of "Christian Principles," as outlined by the Northfield Conference, in the various colleges which they represented. What this will mean for the future no one can estimate, and we are profoundly grateful for the energy and consecration which it indicates.

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Mrs. Oliver Ely, one of the Vice-Presidents of the W. B. M. I., and her daughter, have been spending the winter at the Fairmount in San Francisco, but have recently left for Southern California. Mrs. Ely is more or less of an invalid and contemplates making her home in our mild California climate in the near future. The Board of the Pacific will gladly welcome this experienced worker, who will be invaluable in advising us how to go about inaugurating plans for our Jubilee to be held in 1923. In this connection it is with great satisfaction that we number Mrs. Carl S. Patton of the First Church of Los Angeles among our Pacific Coast workers. Those attending the National Council in Columbus have reason to remember with admiration the executive ability she there displayed.

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The Rev. Fred Goodsell Farewell Service.

When Rev. Fred Goodsell in his khaki uniform stood beside the service flag with its galaxy of stars in the First Congregational Church, Berkeley, his audience felt that they were indeed in touch with the world's great conflict.

In two hours' time Mr. Goodsell was to take the train that would start him on his long journey to Russia, there to resume his Y. M. C. A. work among the Russian soldiers. He expects his destination will be some large city, a military center, where his first task will be to secure a suitable building, possibly a theatre or some other large edifice where the war-work of the Young Men's Christian Association can minister to the soldiers in its threefold helpfulness. Many of the men will be deserters, many of them will be untouched by religious influence—all of them will be in need of the stimulus which makes for a fine morale; this stimulus the Y. M. C. A. has proved itself a potent factor in creating by arousing a spiritual impulse.

Mr. Goodsell spoke briefly of some of the sentiments of the Russians, and their attitude toward the i problems of the hour. Last May-day he witnessed a parade of tens of thousands of Russian workingmen, and on scores of the banners which they carried appeared again and again this sentiment: "Inter-nationalism is our Hope."

The country of Russia contains 180 millions of people, but these are by no means a homogeneous mass. The name "Russia" does not express an ethnological unit, but is a term of geographical area. Numerous are the peoples within this area and diversified are their aims and ambitions. The determining elements in Russia center around Moscow; and "Moscowvites" is the distinguishing name for Russians proper, and is the term used always by the Turks.

The people are desiring peace above all things else. It is what they expect the Bolsheviki to procure for them, and never will democratic Russia make peace with autocratic Germany. We can expect unfaltering allegiance to the cause of democracy, and death to imperialistic plans. The Russians, though compelled to carry on wars for years are by nature lovers of peace, and we can expect the greatest force for permanent world-peace to come from them.

Unfaltering loyalty we can also look for—efficient loyalty may be questioned—that will depend on the leaders uniting on a final issue. To this end they must have foreign sympathy and support, and especially the aid which America can give.

After the service an invitation was extended to meet Mr. and Mrs. Goodsell in the parlors of the church, where an informal reception was held. Mr. William Anderson of Roberts' College, Constantinople, and Secretary Kelsey of the American Board, expressed the great importance of the work which Mr. Goodsell was undertaking; and the unparalleled opportunity for work in Turkey which would be opened to him when conditions made possible his return to that field where he has already labored and to which he is impatient to return.

Good wishes and Godspeed were extended by many people of the church to Mr. Goodsell, who is the associate missionary pastor. He will be kept in loving, prayerful remembrance during his time abroad, spent in the burdens, perplexities, joys and rewards of his work.

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A little granddaughter of Dr. and Mrs. John K. Browne sometimes expresses her thoughts in verse. We have asked permission to publish the following, which is possessed of true poetic sentiment. Margaret has just reached her twelfth birthday.

The Break of Dawn.

A wounded soldier lying
In a hospital one night,
Saw, along the far horizon,
One long, pearly streak of light.

Was it shell, or bomb, or rocket?
Was it from some burning town?
Street of some celestial city
With the angels coming down?

"No," the nurse said, at his bedside,

Watching, waiting through the night,
" 'Tis the coming of the morning,
That long, lonely streak of light."

Then the soldier smiled and answered,
"I have done my bit to bring
The dawning of the day of peace,
The peace of the Great King."

—Margaret Harland.

HOW ONE CHURCH HAS MINISTERED TO THE SOLDIERS.

Beginning with last November the Congregational Church at San Jose loaned its minister, Rev. E. A. King, to the Army Y. M. C. A. as a lecturer on Sex Hygiene. Fully endorsed by the War Work Council of the Army Y. M. C. A. Mr King has visited numerous camps and forts in California.

After lecturing three times at the Presidio of Monterey under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. King was officially asked to return and repeat one of his lectures. The commanding officer ordered out all the men and officers on the baseball diamond and Mr. King delivered his famous lecture on "The Secret of Self-Mastery" in the open air.

He also visited Fort McDowell on Angel Island twice, Fort Funston twice, and recently he gave the same lecture at Fort Baker and Fort Barry. Incidentally he has given his stereopticon lecture on "Scotland" at Monterey, at Camp Fremont, and Fort Funston, and his "Man of Galilee" at Camp Fremont. At some of the points the soldiers have been officially called out especially to hear the lecture on "The Secret of Self-Mastery" and in every case Mr. King has had the hearty endorsement and approval of the officers and men of the army especially some of the medical men. Mr. King has some very interesting letters from officers in the army in which they express a desire to have this special lecture given to soldiers everywhere.

Mr. King has been fitted for this work having taken it up for special study during the years when he was a Y. M. C. A. Secretary and Physical Director. His book "Clean and Strong" is being republished in a new "war edition" and will soon be ready for distribution.

The San Jose Church has been glad to have Mr. King render this service and it feels that in this way it is doing its "bit" to help win the war and protect some of the young men in the army by giving them suitable information in a helpful way on one of the most vital problems of the present crisis.

ANNUAL MEETING AT MARTINEZ.

The Annual Meeting of the Martinez Congregational Church was held last week. Over 100 sat down at the supper prepared by the ladies and served by the young ladies of the High School who are in the pastor's Sunday-school class. All the reports were most encouraging. Growth along all lines, all bills paid, a balance in the treasury, and the budget for the coming year underwritten! This for the Martinez Church is a record, or indeed for any church. The pastor has preached on an average of three times a week this past year, not counting the prayer-meetings, funerals, or special Y. M. C. A. work. The audiences have increased from 75 per cent up, the average for the past year being 84 per cent more than the attendance when the pastor first came. With a harmonious church working together as one, we face the coming year with courage and an earnest purpose to make a still better record next time.

The pastor spoke at the Navy "Y" at Mare Island last Friday to over 500 men. Fifty-one after the meeting signed the War Pledge Cards and received a Navy "Y" Testament.

THE REV. DR. KLOSS CALLED BY PLYMOUTH CHURCH, OAKLAND.

The Pastoral Committee of Plymouth Church, Oakland, had printed on the calendar last Sunday the following communication:

Rev. Chas. L. Kloss,
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Dr. Kloss:

Plymouth Church voted unanimously today to extend you a call to become its pastor. The salary, beginning March 1st, will be $3,600.00 per year, with the usual vacation, and the church will pay the expense of your removal to Oakland.

We earnestly hope that the way may appear very clear to you to accept this call; and in this confidence we pledge to your our utmost efforts and our loyal co-operation to the end that Plymouth in the largest measure may fulfill its ministry to the community and to this city.

We have experienced great joy and quickening in the fellowship of these past four months; and we stand committed to a forward campaign, the success of which is amply assured if we may have your continued able and enthusiastic leadership.

With our highest esteem, and in the hope of your favorable response. Sincerely yours,

(Signed) HENRY D. AMES,
For the Committee.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, LODI, CALIFORNIA.

The annual meeting of the First Church was held on Friday, January fourth, a large attendance of the membership present. The reports of all officers and auxiliaries showed a splendid year of progress. The net gain in membership was ten. All bills were paid and a snug balance in every treasury. The church raised and expended in its own work more than $4,600, raised a full budget for benevolences for first time in many years. The Sunday School made a Christmas gift of $170 to Armenian sufferers. The church has also made liberal contributions to the Y. M. C. A. drive; also the Red Cross. They voted to raise the pastor's salary $180 making the salary now $1500, and manse. Perfect harmony and fellowship is manifest in all the work of the church. The annual dinner and roll call was held on Wednesday evening, January twenty-third. There were 250 people at the dinner. A splendid program of toasting and music was rendered. The church will soon enter an evangelistic campaign with Rev. J. B. Orr of Oakland as the preacher while the pastor, Rev. W. A. Schwimley will have charge of the music and choir.

FIRST CHURCH, PASADENA.

First Church shows a growing interest in the study of Missions. At a "Palaver House" banquet last Wednesday evening, a seven weeks' mission study institute was launched, the classes to be held for an hour before the weekly prayer-meeting, which will begin fifteen minutes later during this period.

City Commissioner S. L. Hamilton as toast-master introduced the various leaders, who have been trained for their work in a special normal class under Mrs. J. C. Worley. "Atmosphere" was given by maps, pictures and interesting treasures brought back by Mrs. Clara Bryant Hey-

wood from her African travels. "The Lure of Africa" is the textbook to be studied. Classes have been arranged for men, for women, for young people, and for High School students, and more than 100 have already signed up for the course. Dr. Geo. F. Kenngott is to be one of the leaders of the men's class. Other groups will pursue the same course in daytime classes.

At the communion service last Sunday morning the pastor, Dr. D. F. Fox, slowly read the names of the thirty-two young men who have entered the service of their country, while the large congregation was bowed in silent prayer for these absent ones.

Fifteen members were received, one by confession.

SAN BERNARDINO.

The church has relieved the pastor, Rev. H. B. Mowbray, for a month, to do religious work at Camp Kearny. He occupies the Congregational Room in the Church Federation Building. During his absence the parish is in charge of the associate pastor, Rev. G. F. Mathes.

PACIFIC GROVE.

Five young men were received into membership in Mayflower Church last Sunday, one of them on Confession. A beautiful silk flag and a Service flag have been dedicated in the past month, stimulating both patriotism and devotion. The pastor, Dr. Palmer, and his wife received a Christmas gift from their church of fifty dollars in gold. In many ways specially fine loyalty is being shown by the resident members, which goes a good way towards compensating for the serious loss of thirty members last summer and fall through removals from town.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN MISSION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

The attendance so far this year has been 125, 131, 136, 139, 157. Usually 3 or 4 of the classes have 100 per cent attendance. The Primary Department is increasing rapidly under the direction of Miss Irma Richie. With the coming of Rev. W. C. Day, a Men's Class was organized under his teaching; and it is expected to fill a long-felt need in the school.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Ryder Patten, son of Rev. and Mrs. A. B. Patten of Forest Grove, Oregon, was promoted recently to a first lieutenancy and ordered from Camp Lewis to Columbus, Ohio, for a course in aviation administration.

The Rev. A. B. Snider, who resigned recently as pastor of the Bethlehem Congregational Church, San Francisco, has entered on the field work of the Northern California Conference, and taken residence at 2237 Bancroft Way, Berkeley. At present he is in charge of the work in Park Church, Berkeley, pending the call of a pastor.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco there will be an address by Mrs. Ida Vose Woodbury, Field Secretary of the American Missionary Association. Mrs. Woodbury has been speaking in Southern California for several weeks, greatly to the inspiration of all who had the privilege of listening to her. Her addresses have been given not only in our churches but to schools and colleges, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. meetings and at some of the cantonments. Thursday of this week she speaks at the joint meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific and the Woman's Home Missionary Union in First Church, Alameda.

IN MEMORY OF ANDREW J. BOOTH.

By the departure of Mr. Andrew J. Booth, aged seventy-eight, the Long Beach church has sustained an irreparable loss. He was one of those rare men who, having time at their disposal, find delight in advancing the interests of the social and devotional work of the church.

He was called hence January 26th and the intelligence of his death was received with wide-spread sorrow. At the impressive funeral services on Wednesday, the thirtieth, a large attendance of the church people and friends in the community came together to testify their affection for this man so widely beloved. The many floral offerings were expressive of this affection.

The pastor, Rev. Henry Kendall Booth, spoke feelingly of the exceedingly valuable traits of character which shone conspicuously in the life of the absent brother. From a full heart he testified of the constant sympathy and help thus rendered to him and said that the church should hereafter consider him as a Saint Andrew.

The mid-week meeting was wholly given up to memorial services when very many friends spoke freely of what he had been to them individually and the cause of Christ in Long Beach. A memorial was also presented from the Board of Deacons, of which he had long been chairman.

A Memorial.

We meet tonight, dear friends, under no common circumstances. Our object is to testify in an informal manner of the worth of the life of our absent brother, Mr. Andrew J. Booth, what that life has been to us individually, and of its impress upon our church and our community.

"A. J. Booth," as we familiarly called him, was a man of uncommon mold, one whose temperment was in its elements singularly composite.

In him were blended the simplicity of a child, the tenderness of a woman and the strength of a man. He was a manly man, strong, earnest, self-reliant, with a wide outlook upon life's affairs, possessed of positive convictions, yet gifted with the grace of open-mindedness and was quick to yield his opinion when a better way was shown.

He was inflexibly just and fair-minded, ever seeking to live without resentment and sought constantly to cherish charitable thoughts of others. Fidelity to every duty and every trust committed to his care was a conspicuous feature of his character; in the least as well as the greatest he was never found lacking.

Friendliness shone triumphant in his daily life. The warm clasp of his hand and his hearty greeting were extended to all who approached him; Brotherhood was to him no unmeaning term.

Kindliness fairly radiated from his happy countenance; in fact, he was a living illustration of the philosopher's assertion that "Every man walks environed by his proper atmosphere, extending to some distance around him." May we not, indeed, remember our friend as an apostle of cheerfulness, the incarnation of good will and brotherly affection? How we shall miss him from this place of prayer, from all social festivities, from the room where the councils of the church are held, from the meetings of the board of which he was the leader and at the sacred communion seasons. For many a day our silent refrain will be:

"But O, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

In these few insufficient words of appreciation it remains for us to speak of our absent brother in his distinguishing characteristic as a Christian. Here again we must remind ourselves that the simplicity of his mental life found expression in what we term his spiritual relations. He had a simple, unshaken faith that Jesus Christ was his Saviour and best friend, and that no higher privilege could be realized than by following his teachings and making them the law of his life. No one of us can doubt that this was his supreme desire.

Shall we next ask what was the visible fruitage of these ardent longings, this consecration of all the powers of his being to his Divine Master? In brief, it may be seen in his devotion with complete self-abandonment to the work of Christ in this church and this community, in season and out of season, to the very last hour of his life. He translated the word "Membership" to signify Service.

And now, kind friends, shall we not highly resolve that this record of faithfulness, of affection and consecration, shall not be lost upon us? What appeal, what lesson, shall this man's life bring to us? Each one must determine for himself the answer to this query. For years past this winsome personality has been in our midst, going in and out before us in a quiet, unobtrusive way. He has vis-

ited the sick and the dying, cheered the down-hearted, helped the erring, performed every office of usefulness within his reach, and at all times been a tower of strength to his pastor and the church. None of us who knew him well have failed to become richer, stronger men and women by reason of this association.

To the little church in far-away Wisconsin, to which he gave long years of zealous care, and which with us sorrows for his departure, we extend our warmly sympathetic and fraternal remembrance. Jointly do we share the recollections of a sunny, joyous life that was filled to overflowing with acts of kindness and deeds of mercy.

To the companion of his life, who shared these labors and confidences, and to his daughters and their families, we tender our expression of gladness for the life which was so completely a part of their own and whose memories constitute so rich a legacy. May the Infinite Peace of the Master rest upon and abide with them.

Slightly paraphrasing the eloquent lines of the poet, let us add:

"When fell, today, the word that he had gone,
Not this my thought: Here a bright journey ends,
Here rests a soul unresting; here, at last,
Here ends that earnest strength, that generous life—
For all his life was giving. Rather this
I said (after the first swift, sorrowing pang):
Radiant with love, and love's unending power,
Hence, on a new quest, starts an eager spirit—
No dread, no doubt, unhesitating forth
With asking eyes; pure as the bodiless souls,
Whom poets vision near the central throne
Angelically ministrant to man;
So fares he forth with smiling, Godward face;
Nor should we grieve, but give eternal thanks—
Save that we mortal are, and needs must mourn."

In behalf of the Board of Deacons,
WILLIAM P. KIMBALL.

Long Beach, Cal., Jan. 30, 1918.

THE TERCENTENARY CORRESPONDENCE COURSE.
(Fifth Section.)

In order to give an opportunity for those who wish to have mid-winter or Lenten classes, in addition to the examination on March 3, there will be one on May 5. Each will consist of ten of the One Hundred Questions and success in either will bring the Pilgrim Certificate. All churches that wish to have an examination on either daet should notify the National Council, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. To further assist the classes all the supplementary information which has appeared in The Pacific has been published as Bulletin Three, and can be obtained from the National Council at two cents a copy.

Below are given the last of the One Hundred Questions with answers to those not covered by Pilgrim Deeds and Duties.

Any one who has taken the course may offer a paper of at least one thousand words on some phase of this period or on some character prominent in it, which will be accepted in place of the written examination.

79. How were new churches organized and what officers did they have?

80. Which increased more, the authority of the church officers or that of the people?

81. How independent were the churches of each other and of the English church?

82. In shaping Congregationalism, what features of the Roman, Anglican and Presbyterian churches did they reject?

83. What was the aim and influence of the Cambridge platform?

84. Who called the Saybrook Synod together?

85. What was the position of John Wise?

86. Which had the greater influence on the other, the church or state?

87. Which colonies were more aristocratic and which more democratic?

88. How generally were the churches supported by taxation and the suffrage limited to church members?

89. How prominent and of what value was the town meeting?

90. How much control over these colonies did England at first exercise?

91. How did friction arise between the colonies and England?

92. What advantages and what disadvantages come to the colonists in the triumph of Cromwell and the English Puritans?

93. What changes were attempted in the reign of Charles Second?

94. Of how many colonies did the New England Confederation consist and what were some of the leading towns included in it?

95. What are some of the things it accomplished?

96. What are some of the facts of the King Philip war?

97. How was the Connecticut constitution a forerunner of our National government?

98. How did the Puritans' views and struggles make them the advance guard of the American Revolution?

99. At the end of their first century on this continent what was the condition of the colonies?

100. Had the Pilgrim and Puritan movements justified themselves thus far?

86. Because this movement was distinctively religious and their ministers were unusually able and well educated, the church had more influence over the state than the state over the church, the reverse of the situation in England.

87. Plymouth and Connecticut, and also Rhode Island, were more democratic. Massachusetts Bay and New Haven were more aristocratic.

88. The suffrage was not limited to church members in the Plymouth and Connecticut colonies but was in the New Haven until it was united with the Connecticut and in the Massachusetts Bay until it received its new charter. At first the churches were not supported by taxation but when some began to shirk their share many towns introduced some kind of pressure or some form of taxation. There was no uniformity and gradually modifications were made until the return to the voluntary system was universal.

90. At first England exercised no real control over the colonies, partly through indifference and partly because internal dissensions and European wars took up her attention completely. Moreover, the Massachusetts Bay Colony's charter allowed an unusual amount of self-government.

91. The first source of friction was the attempt to swing the colonial churches back into conformity with the Angelican church. Then the English resented their freedom of trade with other nations feeling that the English should have the advantage.

92. The great disadvantage was that as soon as the Puritan cause in England triumphed the tide of immigration to New England at once stopped. The advantage was that they were largely left alone by the mother country, became accustomed to independence and had the opportunity to develop their own distinctive life.

93. Charles II consented to respect the Massachusetts charter, if they would take the oath of allegiance to the crown, administer justice in the King's name and repeal the laws limiting the suffrage to church members and prohibiting the Episcopal form of worship. The colony failed to completely conform to his desires. In 1664 royal commissioners were sent to Boston. In 1684 the original charter was annulled. The amount of friction varied but New England never really acknowledged England's claims to authority over the colonies as she made them.

96. King Philip, revengeful and realizing that the complete supremacy of the white man was approaching, aroused the Indians to a war for extermination. Many towns were attacked and some wiped out of existence, a thousand men besides many women and children being slain. The Indians perpetrated savage outrages. The colonists, deeply stirred, fought fiercely and often slaughtered indiscriminately. The war lasted two years and ended in the complete defeat of the Indians. Many of them were sold into slavery. They were so broken that they ceased to be a peril or a marked factor in New England life. The colonies were left with great debts, that of Plymouth amounting to more than all the personal property of its inhabitants.

98. The Revolution was only a fresh outbreak of the spirit that brought the Puritans to this country. It had grown with their growth and been stimulated by England's attempts to suppress it. Their struggles had taught them that liberty was costly and they expected and were ready to pay the price.

99. New England had a population of over 100,000, all practically of one tongue, one blood, one faith. Settlements dotted their territory, many of them large and one, Boston, with a population of over 5000. Land was widely cultivated, extensive commercial relations had been established and manufacturing had commenced. The church and

school house were everywhere. Danger from the Indians had disappeared. While all the colonies were not united in one government, common dangers and common interests brought them closer and closer together. Religious intensity had lessened and some demoralizing elements had appeared but still their standards of life were the highest of their day and generation.

100. The goals sought by most of the other colonies had not been reached. No new, short route to India had been discovered, no vast quantities of gold had been found, no great fortunes had been made, the nations of Europe had not been greatly strengthened and enriched. The Pilgrims and Puritans however were successful in their aims. They escaped the tyrannies they hated and could make conscience king. They secured for themselves a liberty unknown elsewhere and laid the foundations on which was built a free Christian civilization. The higher motives had been successful where the lower had failed. Their sacrifices had not been in vain. No migration of men ever more fully justified itself within a century.

The Home.

Shame is a shadow cast by sin; yet shame
Itself may be a glory and a grace,
Refashioning the sin-disfashioned face;
A nobler bruit than hollow-sounded fame,
A new-lit lustre on a tarnished name,
One virtue pent within an evil place,
Strength for the fight, and swiftness for the race,
A stinging salve, a life-requickening flame.
A salve so searching we may scarcely live,
A flame so fierce it seems that we must die.
An actual cautery thrust into the heart;
Nevertheless, men die not of such smart;
And shame gives back what nothing else can give,
Man to himself—then sets him up on high.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

PLEASANT TO LIVE WITH.

"Jane is a very pleasant person to live with," said Mrs. Horton, speaking of her sister-in-law.

I listened to this information believingly, for I knew something of Jane myself. But at the same time, I felt sure that if she were really pleasant to live with it was because she exercised good sense and sound reason in her efforts to live agreeably with others.

I had noticed that Jane seldom omitted her daily walk. These outings, doubtless, had great power in keeping her temper serene and her feelings fresh and happy. A happy person is generally a pleasant person to live with. But one cannot be happy who is weary, bored, exhausted. In such a state the tendency is to be "difficult," jealous, easily injured. Sometimes Jane went by my house in the morning with a little satchel on her arm. Once I went out to give her a bunch of sweet peas. She told me that she was going for a little excursion.

"I didn't really feel much like it," she said, "but I find that if I do not break up the monotony of life by frequent changes, I get cross."

Wise Miss Jane! As she went gayly down the street sniffing at her flowers, I resolved to follow her example.

I more than half guessed at another of Jane's ways. I felt sure that she conscientiously refrained from criticising her housemates. They were not perfect, but they were the persons with whom she spent her days bound up with her in one social body. One would not purposely injure one's own hand or foot, yet in the body of the family the injury of one is the injury of all. An unkind remark is sure to react upon him who makes it, while at the same time it involves all in the pain that follows.

I have no doubt whatever that one reason of Jane's pleasantness was her good health. But in order to have good health at her age one must not overtax one's nervous energies. Though the road might be enticing, I was sure that Jane did not walk so far as to tire herself out. I believed that she did not read at night till her eyes gave out, that she did not sacrifice a week's pleasantness in order that some piece of work might be done at the exact minute determined upon.

Happening once to be in Jane's room, I saw that she had a shelf full of small, helpful books. As I looked at them she told me that she called them her wing strengtheners. When, like a tired bird, her spirit came falling to earth, a glance at some radiant sentence would set her soaring again. Ah, if Jane was pleasant to live with there was reason for it! The flowers of human nature do not grow without cultivation.

One especial and fragrant pleasantness I must not omit. Jane was given to praising her friends—not unduly, not flatteringly, but their kindness or their cleverness was sure of appreciation from her. Life has many clouds at the best. Deserved praise is natural and necessary sunshine. Would that there were more Janes!—Mary F. Butts.

DUMMY CONVERSATION.

"A lot of wasted beginnings" is the way in which my friend characterized his attempts at conversation in a certain house. "They're the best of good people, but they rarely answer more than 'yes,' or 'no,' and every subject that you start falls flat after two remarks for lack of nourishment. If they would only go on and say something! If they would only be stirred up to contradict! But they can't or won't. They simply wash their hands of responsibility for the continuance of the conversation and leave you to face despair. I rack my brains to find something to talk about, and every subject comes to nothing."

"I know them very well," said another. "They are like poor tennis players. You serve the ball and they don't return it. I simply won't play with them any more."

"What is the trouble with them? Are they sullen or ignorant?"

"Neither one nor the other. They are kindly, reasonably well-informed people, but they rarely talk among themselves and they have lost the sense of responsibility and the gift of continuance in conversation. They will answer you civilly and intelligently to the end of the chapter; but that's not talking. You can't catechise grown-up people all day long without tiring yourself all out—and conversation was meant to be refreshing."

"At least they're not so bad as the van Chatters. They have a gift of continuance that hardly lets you get a word in edgewise."

"I'm not sure but I like that fault better than the other. Everybody ought to be a good listener and needs practice now and then, but nobody ought to be expected to play at dummy conversation and supply brains for other people. You may learn something from the fluent, but nothing from the dumb. The van Chatters have pleasant voices and their talk is soothing, but these good dumb van Stills are wholly exasperating. They have no more sense of responsibility than a sponge. I would rather live with my dog, so far as intellectual pleasure goes; for at least he responds to the tones of my voice with flashing eye and wagging tail, but they sit dumb with fishy yes and freeze your soul while they suppress topics of conversation and subjects of thought as an alligator swallows the flies that light upon its tongue.

TIRELESS AND TIRESOME TALKERS.

Who are the persons whose conversation bores us, tires us, irritates us with a sense of futility? Who are the luckless callers whose departure is accelerated by a little gasping breath of relief from those left behind? The wordless people? No, the ones who have talked too much. Now that beauty is, to a certain extent, dethroned as a social factor, women are trying hard to be "interesting," instead of merely pretty, and they are too apt to set about it in the wrong way. Greatest, perhaps, of all minor indiscretions is that of saying something for the sake of talking. The cause and effect should be reversed, should they not? "Things said for conversation are chalk eggs," wrote Emerson. One does not gather that Madame Recamier made her salon a power because she held forth all the time. She made other people talk; she welded them cunningly together; she prompted and directed—in a word, she "drew them out." To do that well is all that is needed to make a roomful of people, or a single acquaintance happy, and yourself a success. And the rarity of success—the fact that so few of us are sure of a welcome in any company, and at any moment—is due to the fact that we fail to produce by our presence that subtle sense of pleasure and expansion. People who "lay themselves out" to talk always remind me of the delegate at the political convention, the worthy whose enthusiasm was so contagious that a reporter, weary of the dry bones of things, asked him for a summary of his views on the burning question. "What do you think of the situation?" he asked. "What do I think?" exclaimed the vociferous one. "Young man, you mistake my employment. I'm not here to think; I'm here to holler!"—Philadelphia Times.

For The Children.

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

"I," said the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on;
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud, Quack! Quack!"

"I," cried the dandelion, "I,
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry;"
And she lifted her little yellow head
Out of her green grassy bed.

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Croaked the tree-toad at his gray bark door;
"For with a broad leaf for a roof
I am perfectly weather-proof."

Sang the brook: "I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop
Till a big river I grow to be,
And could find my way to the sea.

—Our Young Folks.

DR. BRADFORD'S SECRET.

Did you notice those awful shoes—I never saw such ridiculous looking things—which that woman we just met had on!" exclaimed Phil Robinson laughing, as he and his uncle passed on the street a woman poorly clad, and whose shoes, it was evident, had formerly belonged to someone else—a man, to all appearances. The tops had been cut down, and, in place of lacings, hemp cord bound them to her feet.

"I didn't notice those so much, Phil," returned his uncle quietly, "as I did her patient, strongly-lined face. It was a study an old master might have envied for a model."

"Uncle Robert," broke in Phil, after they had walked along a few moments in silence, "I never saw another man —just like—you!"

"Like—me!" and a whimsical smile lighted up Doctor Bradford's strong, serious face.

"Yes; nobody else would have noticed that woman's face, when the shoes she wore were such outlandish looking affairs. And I've noticed—ever since I've been here—it's always a something else you see—not what most everyone else would be attracted by.

"Yesterday, when we were going into the post office, you remember, that old man's queer looking hat blew off—the man who was coming down the steps with that peculiar, wobbly gait, I would have said—had I said anything, 'Where did you get that hat?' But you, after having picked it up for him, told him it was worth while, having his hat blow off, just to show the splendid head of wavy hair he had."

"Did you notice his smile?" reflected Doctor Bradford.

"Yes; it was all bubbling over with 'I-thank-yous'."

"It did seem so."

"Then there was the nice thing you said, last evening, to the boy who brought the express package in—no one else would have thought of saying it. It did him good; I could see that by the way he acted.

"And then—O, I could mention scores of cases like it—which I have seen since I came here. You must have—"

"I have, Phil," interrupted the older man. "Not, perhaps, what you were going to say—but a secret. I'll tell it to you when I have time. I must run in here now and order a new lens for Mrs. Ames. I told her I'd attend to it today."

That evening, Phil found his uncle alone in the office.

"Time for the—"

"Secret Yes," and Doctor Bradford motioned Phil to an empty chair near the open grate.

"Phil, I have found—no matter what the opposite may be—there is always something to admire and commend in every person or thing. And it pays to notice that, and disregard the other. I learned the lesson when I was a young man, and I have never forgotten it."

Phil looked up inquiringly.

"Few knew of the struggle I had to keep body and soul of our little family together, after my father's death. Being the only one of the children old enough to work, the whole burden of support fell on me.

"One afternoon, I was called into the office of the firm where I was working, and Mr. Wheeler, head of the concern —and a man who had very little sympathy for those whom he employed—said to me, 'We've been obliged to cut down our expenses. I'm sorry, but we'll have no place for you after tomorrow.' "

"Did you—"

"Heart-sick and utterly discouraged," continued Doctor Bradford, not minding the interruption, "I left the building, not caring whither I went, or what became of me. I was cold—I had on no overcoat—and I felt rebellious that I should have to bear the heavy responsibilities that had fallen to my lot. In that spirit of discouragement and rebellion, I was willing to go anywhere—do anything—rather than continue what I regarded as an unjust imposition.

"It was storming—I remember—and as I was walking aimlessly along, with my head bent to shelter my face from

the falling snow, I ran into a man who was hurrying toward me. Instead of a score of disagreeable things which he might have said, he remarked pleasantly, as he detained me for a moment, 'My boy, what splendid, broad shoulders you have! How I envy you. Shoulders like those never ought to droop; they are capable of carrying any burden God sees fit to lay on them. Good-night, my boy. I'm glad to have met you, even if our introduction hasn't been as conventional as some I have known.'

"That pleasant word—that compliment, instead of a disagreeable growl which that stranger might have uttered, saved me, Phil."

"That's why—then—"

"Isn't it a splendid thing to learn?" interrupted Doctor Bradford, thoughtfully.

"I should say it is," rejoined Phil, heartily. "And I—for one—am going to practice it. Hereafter, it's not going to be the old shoes that I'll notice—but something more worth the while."—Adelbert Caldwell in Northwestern Christian Advocate.

PEACE!

Rejoice, O world of troubled men;
For peace is coming back again—
Peace to the trenches running red,
Peace to the hosts of the fleeing dead,
Peace to the fields where hatred raves,
Peace to the trodden battle-graves.

'Twill be the Peace the Master left
To hush the world of peace bereft—
The peace proclaimed in lyric cries
That night the angels broke the skies.
Again the shell-torn hills will be
All green with barley to the knee;
And little children sport and run
In love once more with earth and sun.
Again in rent and ruined trees
Young leaves will sound like silver seas;
And birds now stunned by the red uproar
Will build in happy boughs once more;
And to the bleak uncounted graves
The grass will run in silken waves;
And a great hush will softly fall
On tortured plain and mountain wall,
Now wild with cries of battling hosts
And curses of the fleeing ghosts.

And men will wonder over it—
This red upflaming of the Pit;
And they will gather as friends and say,
"Come, let us try the Master's way.
Ages we tried the way of swords,
And earth is weary of hostile hordes.
Comrades, read out his words again:
They are the only hope for men!
Love and not hate must come to birth:
Christ and not Cain must rule the earth."
—Edwin Markham, in People's Home Journla

A man must not choose his neighbor; he must take the neighbor that God sends him. In him, whoever he be, lies hidden or revelaed a beautiful brother. The neighbor is just the man who is next to you at the moment. This love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self. —George MacDonald.

Over the carnage rose prophetic a voice,
Be not dishearten'd, affection shall solve the problems of freedom yet,
Those who love each other shall become invincible.
—Walt Whitman.

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